

## HEIRESS SCRUBS TUBS TO AID U. S.

Society Girl Wields Brush  
and Soap As Her War  
Weapons

### COOKS AND DRIVERS, TOO

Year May See 40,000 American  
Women Working For the  
Army in France

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If this war keeps up another year there'll be some 40,000 American women in uniform in France doing their part for the Allied cause.

Of this number, approximately 30,000 will be Red Cross nurses. The balance will be Y.M.C.A. workers, civilian clerks in army offices, and workers in other activities of the Red Cross.

Already the call has gone out for thousands of additional nurses, preparatory for the day when Uncle Sam will have a million and a half of fighting men on the western front.

American's hospital plans alone call for 300,000 beds for an army of that size, or one bed for every five fighting men.

The day may come in the American Army, just as it has now arrived in the British Army, when no able-bodied man of military age will be holding any sort of clerical job, the work of which could be done just as well by a woman.

The British W.A.A.C.s, as one branch of women army workers style themselves, have made themselves well nigh indispensable. They not only hold the clerical positions, but they man the telephones, cook, launder, and drive many types of autos, from light trucks and ambulances to some of the cars in which officers flit from place to place.

#### Finding Out Realities

"It takes a big war like this one to give some women a proper sense of proportion of things," said an American woman who is already in France directing several hundreds of her fellow countrywomen. "Some of the most conscientious and hardest workers in my unit are girls who had done nothing all their lives but fritter away their time in society. The war woke them up. They were girls of good education, but they had never thought much about the stern realities of life until America got into the war and they suddenly saw a chance to do something useful. They'll be better women for the experience they are receiving in France."

An American society girl who some day will have several millions in her own right was among a unit that came to France early in the war and attached itself to a certain large French hospital. This girl knew nothing about anything when it came to hard work.

"At first," said her chief, "I thought she was hopeless and that I would have to send her back home. So I said to her one day:

"You don't seem fitted for any work about this place. Why don't you apply for a discharge and go back to America?"

#### This Girl No Quitter

"Go back to America now? Never. I'd be disgraced in the eyes of my family and my friends. My father fought in the Spanish-American war, my grandfather in the Civil war, and all three of my brothers are in the service now. I've got good stuff in me even if I don't show it yet. Let me work in the kitchen or clean bath tubs. I'll show you I'm not a quitter."

"I never before saw such a look of determination in a girl's eyes. I decided then and there I'd keep her, but that I would test her mettle.

"There's plenty of work to be done on the bath tubs," I said.

"Then give me a scrub brush and some lye and hot water," she replied.

"She locked herself in one of the bath rooms and went to work and when I peeked in a few hours later the tubs were spotless for the first time since our arrival."

#### Love Laughs at U-Boats

A New England boy opened a Christmas box from his best girl and offered her some of the good things to eat.

"Poor girl," he said. "I'll bet she's good and lonesome back there. We were engaged to be married in the summer of 1916, but I had to go to the Mexican border and now we can't get hitched up until after this big show is over."

A couple of weeks later he hailed me on the streets of a little French village.

"Say, what do you think?" he exclaimed, bubbling over with high spirits. "You know that girl of mine I was telling you about the other day? Well, I got a letter from her today and she's over here in France, working for the Y.M.C.A. She doesn't know where I'm stationed, but she's working in a canteen only five miles from here. I'm going to hoof it down there this evening and walk in on her."

"More power to you, my boy," I said. "After leaving me, he hurried back with this question, strictly on the 'Q.T.' of course."

"Say, what would they do with a fellow in the service who got married over here?"

"The worst they could do would be to shoot you."

"I think I'll put it up to my colonel," he said.

I haven't seen him since.

#### JUTE WRAPPERS FOR BREAD

Shipments from Army Bakeries To Travel Germ Proof

The world is going to be made safer for Army bread, and consequently for the ultimate consumers thereof. Bread, like coal and other precious stones, is hereafter to be carried in bags, and not in grimy fists or on the floors of canteens recently sprinkled with gasoline. Orders are out on the subject, stating that jute receptacles, three feet in length by two feet nine inches in width, are being supplied for the shipment of the bread of life from the bakeries to the troops.

## AS WE KNOW THEM

### "COLONEL ON THE STAFF"

He doesn't warm up easy chairs as much as you might think; He does a lot of planning, and he wastes a lot of ink; But all the same he's right up front 'most every day to call, And the tricky German snipers love to plug him most of all.

He rides around in racing cars on roads all torn by shell; And when a big 'un hits his fiv, he usually gets hell; The bloomin' Boche can spot him, 'cause he seldom goes alone, But usually with visitors who want the trenches shown.

He dodges through the ditches, and he ducks from place to place, For if he dares to show his head, he's apt to spoil his face; The line commanders hate to have him wayin' round his cane A-pointin' at the landscape, for it brings a shrapnel rain.

No; he has won no cushy job, the Colonel on the Staff; He's little time to eat and sleep, and never time to laugh; And if there's any job on earth that never can be nice, It's just the job that he has got—the givin' of advice!

He may wear silver eagles, but a lot the Fritz cares; The howlin' Hun just does on Staffs to score his strikes and spares— And if, by any single chance, the colonel can't produce, He's hauled before the General and gets the very deuce!

## BOCHE WOULDN'T DO TOMMY A GOOD TURN

So Sniper Pays Penalty for  
Missing Shot at British  
Colonel

This one comes from the British lines. A colonel out in No Man's Land attracted the attention of a German sniper in a tree. He promptly fired at the Englishman, and missed him.

The colonel promptly threw himself down, rolled into a shell hole, and stayed quiet until four star shells had gone off. Then he crawled back into his own lines. He hunted up the lieutenant in charge of that length of trench and wrathfully demanded:

"What do you mean by letting a Boche sniper take a shot at me, with no reply?"

"We didn't see the thing at all," said the lieutenant. "Do you know where he was?"

"He's in that tree over there," said the colonel.

"I'll put my best shot on the job," said the lieutenant, and called up the man. Everybody watched the performance.

The rifleman got a comfortable position, hitched his elbow into the sling in the orthodox fashion, and waited. Presently another star shell went up.

"I see him," said the sharpshooter, and snuggled the butt down into his shoulder hollow. He waited for another star shell, and fired. "Pine!" The German came tumbling down out of his tree, and the English soldier, blowing the smoke out of his rifle barrel, remarked:

"Take that, you — word which we will omit — for missing our colonel!"

### "WELL I'LL BE—!"

#### SWITCHING ORDERLIES

Private —, of a former National Guard outfit, coughs for the accuracy of this one:

"When I was in college, not so very long ago, the fraternities used to parcel off their 'candidates,' or pledged men, to act as valets and general men of all work—regular orderlies—for the upper-classes. That is, during the initiation season of a week, the twenty Juniors in the crowd would each have a Sophomore to slave for him during that week. If the Soph didn't behave, the Junior, in charge of him, had the right to amputate certain portions of his anatomy with a good stout oaken paddle. And, whether the Sophomore behaved or not, he generally did it anyway.

"The fall of my Junior year I had assigned to me as candidate a nice little chap named Jimmy Bliss. He had the reputation of being a bit fresh, so I was instructed to ply the paddle liberally, which I did at first. But Jimmy was so nice and obliging about bending over so I could whack him with ease, and always came back so smilingly for more that I gave it up after a while, and quit sending him on errands to wear out his legs.

"Well, when his week was up I took him through the last night's initiation mill good and proper, but we couldn't scare him a bit. He got his share and more of the rough-house that evening, but he never squealed. By the time we got the pin on him and taught him the crib he was pretty much all in, but he never let on to a soul except me.

"We were pretty good friends for the rest of his course and mine, meeting each other at the house off and on, and going on parties now and then. The man who 'ruins' a man for a fraternity is supposed to be a sort of a father-confessor to him during the rest of his course, and I tried to live up to my obligations, giving Jimmy all the fatherly advice I didn't follow myself. When I got my degree and beat it out into the cruel world I headed for the coast. I never expected to set eyes on Jimmy again, unless he got out my way on business sometime.

"But the other day, as I was walking through one of the main streets of one of the more sizeable towns of this portion of the world, whom do I run into but a second lieutenant, who looked a bit—just a bit—familiar. I gave him the eyes right as I saluted him; then he looked over, and—

"'Wowie!' he hollered, 'if—it isn't my old 'Dad!' Well, I'll be doggoned!"

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## INDUSTRY'S EXPERTS BUY FOR THE ARMY

Noted Business Men Aid in  
Job of Reducing Costs  
and Imports

Somebody has to buy a lot of things for this army. Not all of the things the army gets are given to it free, like love and Christmas packages. Even at that, somebody had to buy the stuff that went into the Christmas packages. In fact, nothing given to an army is free but the affection.

The somebodies who buy all the stuff that is issued to the army—the things it has to fight with and to live on and to live under—do their buying off a scientific basis. They have to, or the good people back home wouldn't be getting a run for the money they sunk into Liberty bonds. Billions of iron men, when spent on millions of fighting men won't go as far as you might think. Therefore, somebody has to be on the lookout.

The somebodies in question are the best buyers that the old country (meaning the U.S.A.) produces. They're not the kind that have just gone into buying for their health, the way some men enlist in the army. They have made a business, a study, a scientific analysis of the art and craft of buying. If one were to string out their names here it would rob the American peepers, as listed in Dun's and Bradstreet's, of some of its most shining lights.

#### Real Captains of Industry

These captains of industry, clad in the uniforms of captains of industry or some other branch, have complete charge of the army buying. The purchasing agents of the eleven army departments work with them, meeting with them at stated times to state the needs of their branches of the service. These needs are thoroughly aired; the whole goodly company decides which are the most pressing, finds out where the supplies to meet them are to be had and gets reports on the prices of those supplies. Then, after this sifting process, the buying process begins.

The buying for the American Army is done largely in conjunction with the French Mission, so as to avoid any possible interference with the French plans. The French Mission aims to guard the American buyers and their own agents against unscrupulous bidders, by stepping in to regulate when the prices asked are too high. Naturally, the French do not want to have the Americans, by paying too much, boost the prices so that they in turn will have to pay more than before; and the Americans, being Americans, are not unduly anxious to be stung. So, between them, they keep prices as far as they can control them, as fair as can be.

#### Frano-American Teamwork

The two nations' representatives work together when dealing with firms in neutral countries. Sometimes, these deals assume diplomatic proportions, in that an exchange of raw materials has to be effected, so to speak. One neutral country may be shy on a certain article of which an Allied country has plenty.

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and one Allied country may be equally shy on an article with which a neutral is glutted. By a give and take process, the thing is arranged.

For example: Remember that new lot of mules that came in not long ago? The muleskinners talked to them in English (both the King's and the other variety), and then in French; and, failing at that, tried the only other language they knew anything about—the one they picked up a couple of years ago on the border. Instantly the mules pricked up their ears, got a gait on, and made progress. That was one by-product of buying in a neutral country. Another by-product of the gentle art of making purchases is the Adrian barracks building, such as has housed a good many of us since coming to France.

But, when supplies are needed badly, for the comfort or the safety of our troops, and things come right down to a show-down, the buyers for this army don't let price stand in their way. They buy to save us—first—and then they buy to save tonnage space in the ships which are bringing over the bulk of our supplies and the rest of our army. They are on the job all the time, those buyers of ours, justifying the wishing on them of the title of "captains of industry."

#### FOR LITTLE M.P. SHE LOVED

Chestnut Stand Woman Puts La  
Patrie Ahead of Business

Mme. —'s little roasted-chestnut stand occupied until recently a bit of roadside not far from G.H.Q. A.E.F. Her best customers, almost her only ones, were the American soldiers at Headquarters. Some of them she came to know very well, all of them she loved as only a Frenchwoman who husband has fallen for La Patrie can love the youth of a nation who have come overseas to avenge him.

One of them in particular, a little U.S. Marine, who was doing M.P. duty and passed her stand many times a day, she grew to know as a friend. Then one day he did not pass. She inquired of his mates, and learned that he was in hospital suffering from pneumonia.

One morning they brought her word that he was dead. The next day the Post Commandant received a fifty-franc note, accompanied by the following letter:

The Commandant,  
American Headquarters.

Sir.—Pardon me, Sir, for the liberty I take in writing to you. Permit me, Sir, to send you 50 francs in order to

place a wreath on the grave of the little American soldier who died so far away from his country, coming to the aid of France. I did not myself dare to carry it there, else I should already have done so. Do not refuse, Sir, the humble offering of a French woman who loves America above all things, who in memory of those dear dead who have died for their country is proud and happy to offer a wreath to the American soldier who died far away from his

mother, in order to come to the assistance of the children of France. I shall always remember, Sir, that you gave me permission to set up a little stand opposite the barracks. Thank you, Sir; I beg you, Sir, not to refuse to place a wreath for this little soldier. I believe it will bring happiness to my husband. I did not dare do it myself. Thanking you, Sir, accept my sincere good wishes for America and for France. Mme. —

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